SHAKINGS.

ETCHINGS FROM THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

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SHAKINGS

ETCHINGS FROM THE

NAVAL ACADEMY

BY A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '67

ENGRAVED BY JOHN ANDREW

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

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TO

T. G. FORD, Esq..

(LATE OF THE "ACADEMIC STAFF,")

TO WHOM THE MIDSHIPMEN ARE INDEBTED FOR MUCH KINDNESS AND MANY VALUED SERVICES,

This Work is Dedicated,

AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL OF THE ESTEEM, FRIENDSHIP, AND REGARD

OF THE

"Class of '67."

PREFACE.

A FEW months ago, I commenced a series of pen-and-ink sketches of the joys and sorrows of a Midshipman's life at the Naval Academy. It was truly a labor of love, continued during the intervals of study and recitation, and not intended for the public eye. But, as the sketches increased in number, some interest was felt in their preservation; and my classmates — generous critics and cherished friends — insisted upon their publication, as souvenirs of an eventful period in our professional career. I could not refuse a request from such a source; and hence my appearance in a field almost unknown to Midshipmen.

Although the drawings are taken from the humorous side of our academic life, they may give the public some idea of the process by which the raw material sent here from all parts of our country is worked up to a fixed standard of naval efficiency. This process is commenced in the stationary school-ship "Constitution," and is continued on shore, and in practice-ships that cruise at sea during the summer months. Those who pass creditably through the four years' course of study, drill, and discipline, are graduated from the Academy with its diploma, and enter at once into active service afloat. For us of the "Class of '67," this long-looked-for event is fast approaching, bringing with it the painful necessity of separation; but we will still be united — "toujours unis" — in the bonds of fraternal good will cemented at the Naval Academy.

With grateful acknowledgments to those who have aided me in my task, I submit the sketches, hoping that they may prove a source of amusement not only to the Midshipmen, but also to the public at large.

PARK BENJAMIN,
MIDSHIPMAN, U. S. NAVY.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,
Annapolis, Maryland,
February, 1867.

Class of '67.

"Toujours Uni."

Chas. O. Allibone.
Conway H. Arnold.
Charles Belknap.
Park Benjamin.
J. Van Benthuysen Bleecker.
Matthew Bolles, Jr.
A. Allen Boyd.
Edward W. Bridge.
Charles E. Brown.
Robert E. Carmody.
C. W. D. Christopher.
Geo. H. Church.
Geo. G. Clay.
Richardson Clover.
Harrison G. O. Colby.
Fred. Collins.
Albert R. Couden.
James W. Cowie.
William S. Cowles.
Alfred Craven.
Patrick T. Cunningham.
Geo. S. Davol.
Francis H. Delano.
Daniel Delehanty.
Erasmus Dennison.
Andrew Dunlap.
Jos. G. Eaton.
Henry C. English.
Wells L. Field.
W. B. H. Frailey.
Edward H. Gheen.
Fernando P. Gilmore.
Fred. W. Greenleaf.
James M. Grimes.
John W. Hagenman.
Eugene D. Heald.
Edward W. Henricks.
Fred. A. Howes.
Henry C. Hunter.
Fred. G. Hyde.
Edwin S. Jacob.
William H. Jaques.
Horace E. Jones.
Harry Knox.
Eugene H. C. Leutze.
William Little.
Leavitt C. Logan.
Henry B. Mansfield.
Edward P. McClellan.
William S. McGunnegle.
C. Reid Meeker.
John F. Meigs.
John P. Merrell.
James M. Miller.
Jacob W. Miller.
Geo. J. Mitchell.
Frank W. Nichols.
William D. Nicholson.
Fred. H. Paine.
William M. Paul.
Allan G. Paul.
Edwin C. Pendleton.
Hamilton Perkins.
John E. Pillsbury.
Edward W. Remey.
Albert Ross.
Richard Rush.
Uriel Sebree.
C. Pierson Shaw.
Sidney A. Simons.
Jos. L. Stickney.
Edward W. Sturdy.
Fred. M. Symonds.
Edward D. Taussig.
Benj. F. Tilley.
Edward W. Very.
J. M. Wainwright.
Clifford H. West.
Geo. M. Williams.
Fred. M. Wise.
Edward P. Wood.

OLDLY I venture on a naval scene,
Nor fear the critic's frown, the pedant's spleen:
Sons of the ocean, we their rules disdain;
Our bosoms honest, and our style is plain.
Let Homer's heroes and his gods delight;
Let Milton with infernal legions fight;
His favorite warrior, polished Virgil show;
With love and wine, luxurious Horace glow,—
Be such their subjects, I another choose,
As yet neglected by the laughing Muse."

OR thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—

One of the few, the immortal names

That were not born to die."

Arrival of the future Admirals of our Country.

N slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,

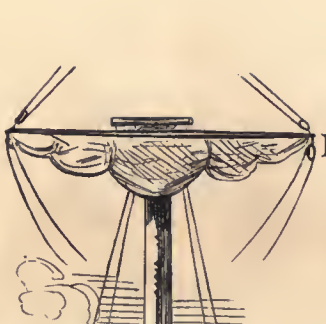
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind."

First night in (?) a Hammock.

LAZE, with your serried columns!

I will not bend the knee!"

First Step in the Profession.



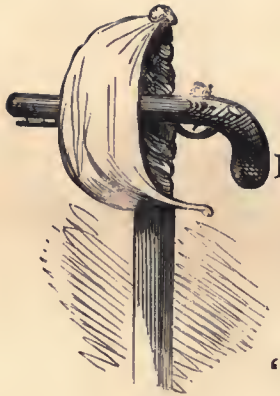
THE oars were silver,

Which, to the tune of flutes, kept stroke, and made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,

As amorous of their strokes."

Boat Exercise.—Supernumeraries catching "crabs."

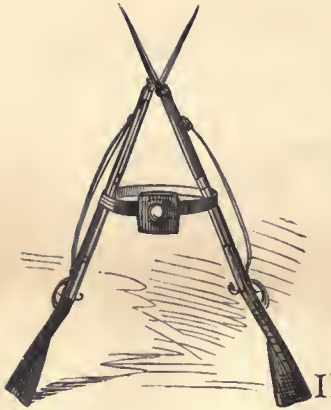


HE nitre fired . . . .

Convulsive shook the slumb'ring air around."

"It is — the cannon's opening roar."

Great-gun Exercise.—"Ready!"

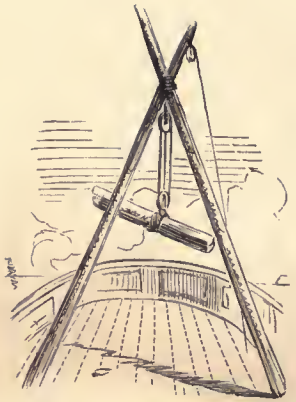


IM high, brave youth!"

Target Practice.—"Fire!"

HEY tug, they strain; down, down they go!"

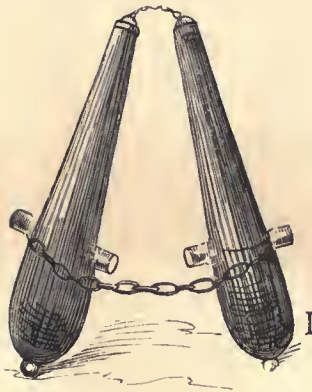
Howitzer Exercise.—"Forward into line! Left oblique!" (Left Piece.)



LIFE on the ocean wave."

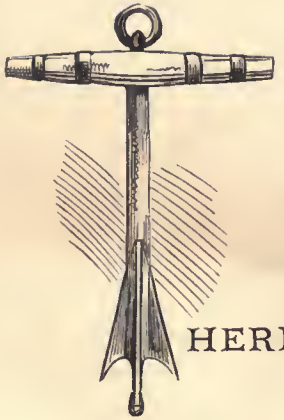
"Oh! who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
Th' exulting sense,—the pulse's maddening play
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?"

"Off Soundings."—First Practice Cruise.

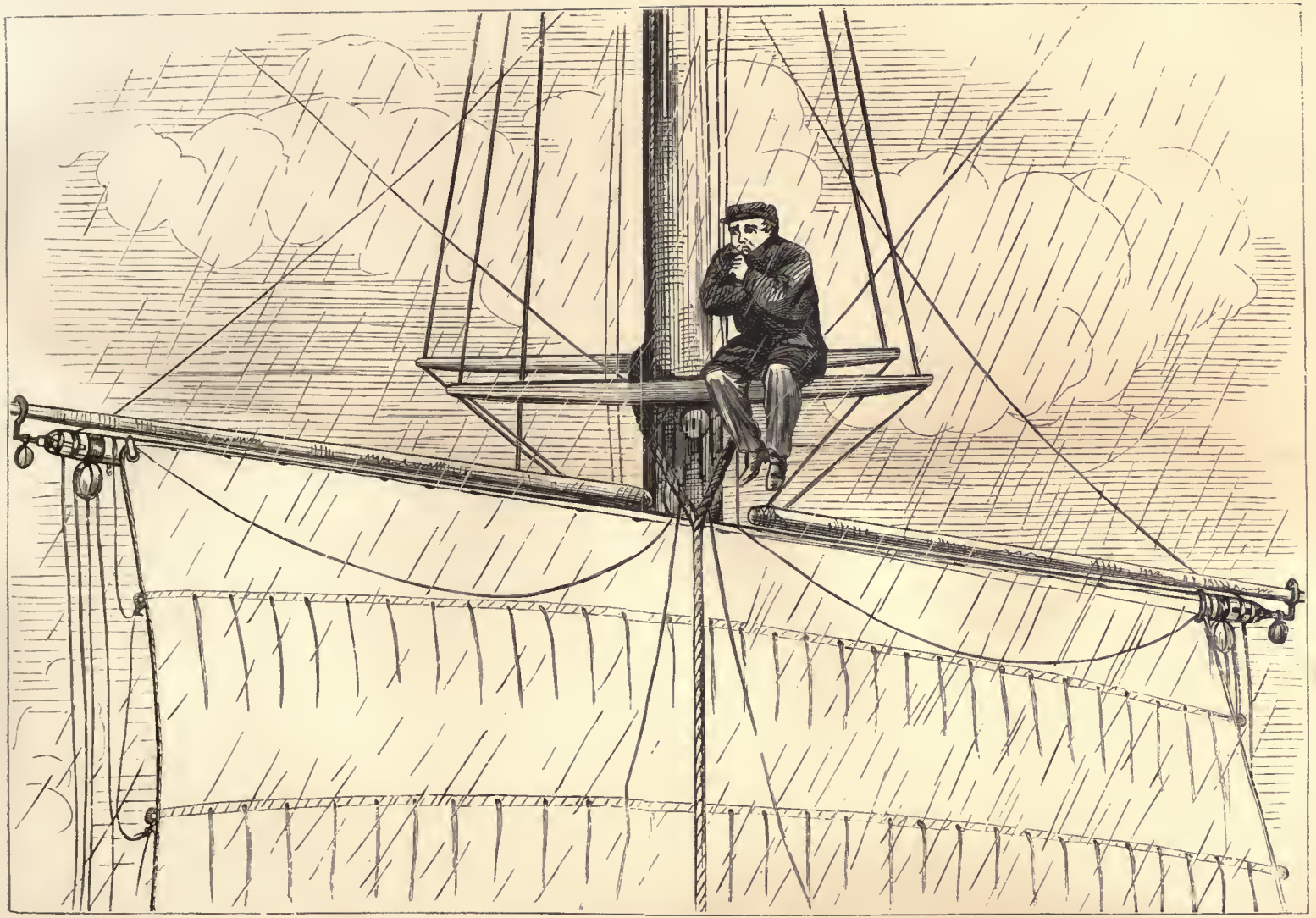


ND crashing, thundering o'er the quarter swings."

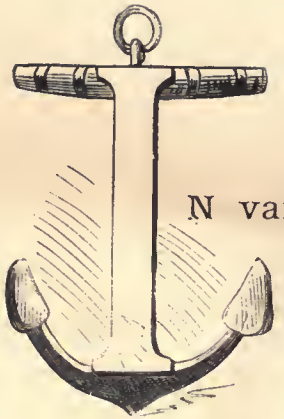
"Who let go that after fall?"



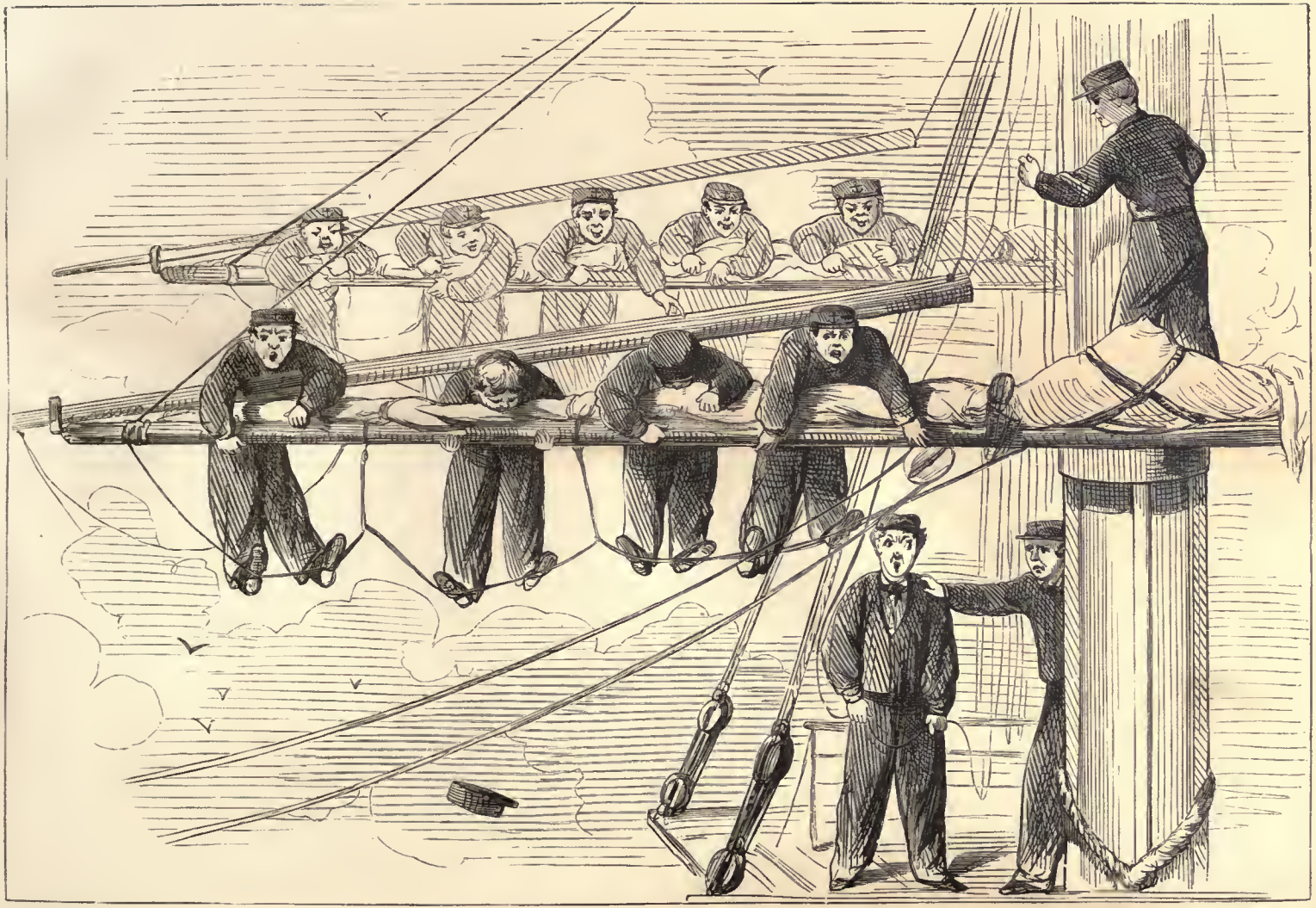
HERE'S a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."



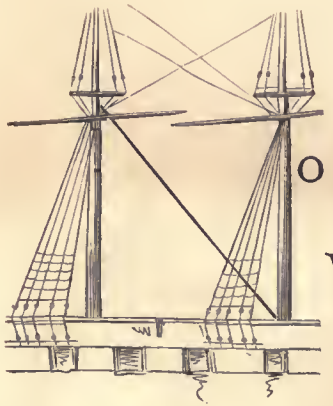
Taking an airing for four hours.



N vain their struggling arms the yard infold."



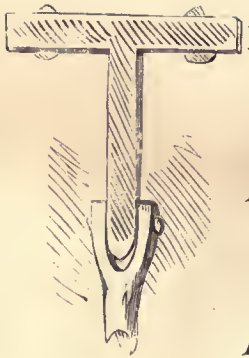
Furling Sail.—"Keep fast that tricing-line!"



O more the mess for other joys repine,

When "duff," just entering, shows 'tis time to dine."

"Duff's all gone, sir!"



HUS, long ago,

Ere heaving billows learned to blow,

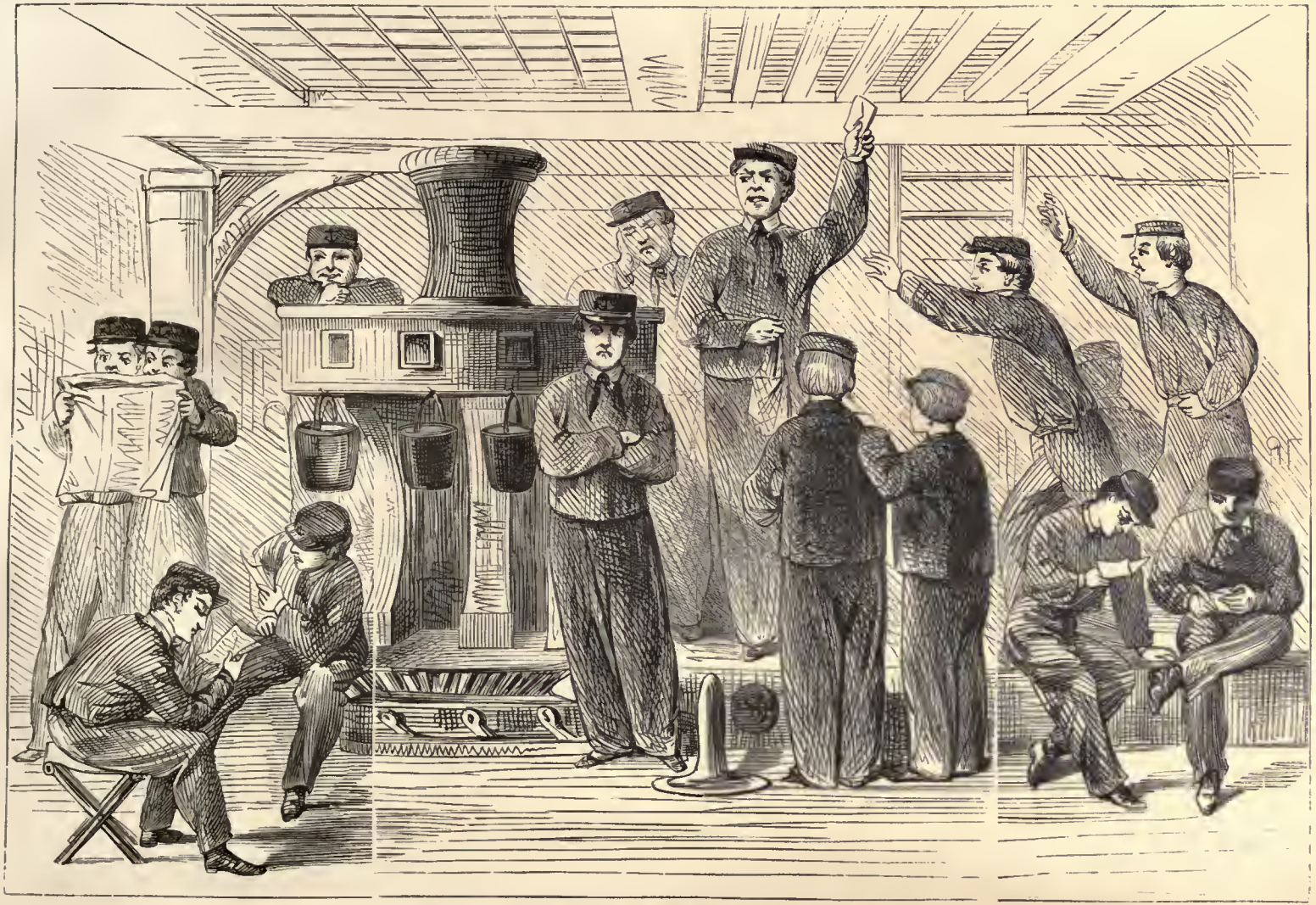
And organs yet were mute,—

Thus Middies roasted "spuds" below,

And poked at fires to boot."

Fire-room Watch.—Roasting "spuds."

HESE welcome letters come from friends so dear."



Just in port.—Distributing the mail.—The last letter.

"LOOK on this picture and on that."

The Middy of Romance.

The real thing on a wintry Saturday at the Academy.

WAKED by the sound of sweet melody,

Ever my spirit awakens to thee."

In-shore quarters.—"Not turned out at early Inspection."

PEED away, speed away."

Going to morning "Formation."

EE-fi-fo-fum!

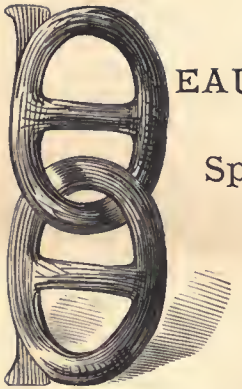
I smell the fumes of tobacco and rum!

Be ye drunk or be ye dead,

In the wardrobe or under the bed,

I must have some."

An Evening Party disturbed.



EAUTIFUL dreamer, wake unto me;

Spots and guard duty are waiting for thee."

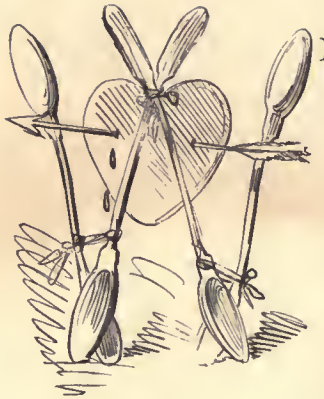
"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

Day-dreams.—The Pleasures of Hope.

PROFOUNDLY deep in thought,
His busy mind with sines and tangents fraught,
A Mid reclines, in calculation lost.
His efforts still by some intruder crossed."

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

And stern Realities.



E walked and we talked till long after sunset,

And the words that he said I shall never forget."

"List! 'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—

One kiss—one more—another—oh! adieu!"

Love Lane.

N with the dance, let joy be unconfined;

No sleep till morn,"—and then the sick-list find.

Spooney Corners.

The Hop.

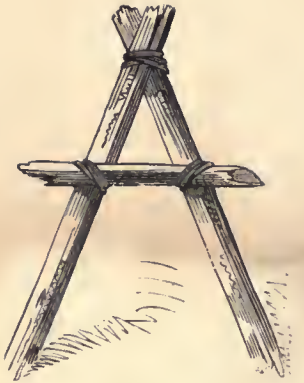
Nary a dance.

"EW and short were the prayers we said."

Taps.—"Confound the Boot!"

IS ours the dreadful remedy to find."

Sick call.—Outside the door.



DIRE disease, and desperate to cure."

Sick call.—Inside the door. "Are you really sick, sir?"

FT in the stilly night."

Patrol of the Grounds.—"Mid Watch."

KNOW what study is: it is to toil

Hard through the hours of the sad midnight watch

At tasks which seem a systematic curse,

And course of bootless penance."

The night before. The Graduating Examination. The night after.

Y soul is ready to depart:

No thought rebels; the obedient heart

Breathes forth no sigh—"

"Graduated."—Free at last!

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